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"The Commonweal is in some ways pessimistic. It disbelieves in the possibility of a perfect political order, laws, governments, or human institutions. It views with alarm those prophets who promise a straight road to utopia. It believes that man's constant struggle is to hold his own, to keep his society from reverting to barbarism. It sees Original Sin as the first fact to be dealt with in human experience.

"The Commonweal is in other ways optimistic. It thinks that human society, though it can never be perfect, can, through constant effort, be made decent and kept civilized. It believes that history is non-determined, that man is not 'fated' to accomplish his own destruction, that through trial and error, through reason and learning, through suffering when needs be, man can find a *modus vivendi*. It looks to the Resurrection of the Dead on the final day of the human race.

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

KHRUSHCHEV'S "CONDITIONS"

IN SOME WAYS it is curious that so able a dialectitian as the Soviet Premier should in his *Foreign Affairs* article have led up to his three "conditions" for peace by a series of palpably false assertions. Surely he would credit the elite which reads that informative American quarterly with enough knowledge of recent history to perceive the lack of any real factual basis for certain of his leading claims. Perhaps, in this trial balloon preceding his American visit, Khrushchev was counting more heavily on the impact that mass media summaries of his article would make on the less interested and less informed but wider American reading and listening public.

In any case these claims do little to build up confidence in his estimates of present conditions and his promises for the future. To begin with, how can we reconcile his contention that the Soviet Union has from its beginnings adhered to "peaceful coexistence as the basic principle of its foreign policy" with its actual expansionism of the past forty years? The list of its successful conquests by force is a long one, from the Baltic States and other subject nations now within the Soviet Union to the satellites of Eastern Europe. Or how can Soviet "renunciation of interference in the internal affairs of other countries with the object of altering their system of government, or mode of life, or for any other motive" square with the long-standing existence and activity of Moscow-directed Communist parties in virtually every country in the world?

Mr. Khrushchev goes on to eschew economic imperialism because of the "unlimited home market" enjoyed by the "Soviet Union and other Socialist countries," when it is widely known that the purchasing power of the individual citizen in those lands has been for years, and still is, far below that of its contemporaries in the West. As head of one of the most drastic and efficient totalitarian dictatorships the world has ever seen, the Soviet Premier has the effrontery to say that "it is the people who determine the destinies of the Socialist states . . . the people who themselves create all the material and spiritual values of society."

Alongside the Khrushchev claim that the Soviet Union has reduced its vast armies by more than two million men must be set its marked growth in undersea, missile and nuclear-weapon strength. And its temporary discontinuance of thermo-nuclear tests must be balanced by Russia's adamant refusal up to now to agree to systems of international controls involving adequate inspection by non-Russians within the U.S.S.R. as well as by inspection teams made up of a number of nationalities operating in other countries.

IN THE LIGHT of these opening gambits, it is difficult to see how Mr. Khrushchev can expect Americans to have confidence that his "conditions for peace" will be acceptable. Doubtless it has been tragically misleading for us to address the captive nations in terms of liberation without any feasible means of effecting it. But as a people long identified with the democratic freedoms and the principle of national self-determination, we can hardly be expected to agree to the permanent subjugation against their will of the Hungarian and other subject peoples.

The German question scarcely looks more promising. Except that West Berlin might curtail its propaganda activities in the interests of a settlement, there seems to be little that the Western powers have to offer here. It is again barefaced effrontery for Khrushchev, with his East German puppet regime continuing against the manifest opposition

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of the people, to declare that "no attempts should be made to interfere from outside" with the process of German reunification. In view of Russia's flagrant violations of the Potsdam agreement and many others, how could any credence be placed in its promise to guarantee the independence of West Berlin and "the preservation of the existing way of life there"?

On the question of trade with the Soviet Union there might be somewhat more leeway. At one point Mr. Khrushchev calls for "extensive and absolutely unrestricted international trade," at another for "the exchange of everything produced by human genius in the sphere of peaceful branches of material production." There is a difference between the two phrases, particularly as one of the things that restricts American-Soviet trade is our embargo against exports of strategic materials to the Soviet Union. It appears possible that trade could be expanded on a pragmatic basis for the mutual benefit of both countries, especially wherever such exchanges of goods and services would incline the Soviets toward converting their impressive productive powers away from war industries to the making of things that raise their general living standards.

As an able debater, Khrushchev has uttered a number of sober truths to accompany his fictions. His comments on the vulnerability of all of us to modern weapons, and the need of avoiding at all hazards an all-out shooting war, cannot be gainsaid. His reiteration of the challenge that his way and our way be permitted to compete unhampered for the allegiance of men and nations has its appealing side.

But he resorts to the clever debating trick of misstating the issue. He would have the contest between socialism and capitalism, rather than between Communism and democracy. Once he has identified the American way with capitalism, a concept which inspires hostility on almost every hand, he has gone far toward winning the big debate before the peoples of the world. And it has been all too easy for Mr. Nixon and other American spokesmen to fall into this trap.

Mr. Khrushchev also likes to present the debate in terms of productivity and future standards of living. Here defenders of the American way are even more easily led down a debating *cul de sac*. Not only can we point to our color-T.V. sets, air conditioners, 1960 cars, deep freezers and washing machines, but we can contrast present living standards generally under the two systems. Here Khrushchev cites comparative rates of growth and forecasts a rosy Communist future. That takes some of the starch out of our productivity argument, but it is not the main reason for warning against this pitfall.

The real difference between the Soviet Union and the Western democracies is not one of productivity, of low versus high living standards or—especially where the United States is concerned—of socialism versus capitalism. It goes far deeper than that. It has to do with the basic conceptions of man and of human society, conceptions which derive from the great Judaeo-Christian tradition and which emphasize the dignity and inviolability of the human person and the democratic freedoms that protect him from all manner of tyranny. That is the burden of our side of the debate with Mr. Khrushchev, but until we demonstrate that we are willing to make adequate sacrifices during this cold war period for the sake of these things in which we believe, we shall have a hard time convincing Mr. Khrushchev, other peoples—or ourselves.

CALIFORNIA FARM LABOR

SEASONAL MIGRATORY farm labor has long been held to be more exploited than any other group of unorganized workers in the United States. In terms of pay, security, working and transportation conditions and family life, their lot has been notoriously bad. For migratory farm workers who are residents of the United States, the greatest difficulty has come from having to compete for a livelihood with imported Mexican *braceros* here on contract and "wetbacks" who crossed the border illegally. In most recent years these latter have happily been less of a factor, but the terms of the *bracero* contracts call for wages considerably below normal United States standards.

In recent months protests against these practices have grown to such a pitch that Secretary of Labor Mitchell has agreed to examine the imported labor problem, which is concentrated in our Southwest. And now in the State of California, one of the chief trouble spots, a concerted drive against certain evils in the system has been launched by state and Federal authorities. Employment of one hundred thousand *braceros* is involved, a practice which tends to deprive local workers of their jobs and has a generally depressing effect upon farm wages and working conditions.

A number of serious special charges have been made about the California situation: resort to graft to induce authorities to grant permission to import

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labor on the basis of supposed local labor shortages; profiteering on the feeding of migratory workers and the failure to provide the required medical care; the failure of certain employers to forward the premiums due on workers' insurance. These are grave accusations, deserving the most thorough scrutiny. Perhaps in the course of the investigation the inequities involved in the whole system will come much more into the public light.

DAY OF THE H-BOMB

INTERESTINGLY ENOUGH, the most spirited opposition to almost any kind of program for H-bomb shelters comes from two otherwise very divergent groups. It is estimated that it would take between five and twenty billion dollars to build shelters, and economic conservatives find the idea of spending this kind of money absolutely ridiculous; the whole thing is just out of the question, they say. In this sentiment they have some unlikely allies, for many pacifists react the same way, if for different reasons. There is no defense against the H-bomb, say the pacifists; any civil defense exercise or shelter program simply misleads the people in what may soon become, literally, a matter of life and death.

Last June a subcommittee of the joint Senate-House Committee on Atomic Energy held special hearings on the subject of radiation. For five days experts testified as to what would happen to the United States in an all-out nuclear war. This testimony has now been summarized in the sub-committee's lengthy report, and it provides some kind of informed speculation on what would actually happen to America if H-bomb warfare did break out under present conditions.

For the sake of making its estimate, the subcommittee report assumed that 224 targets in the U.S. had been hit by 263 nuclear weapons with a total force of 1446 megatons. A one-megaton bomb is equivalent to one million tons of T.N.T.; for the sake of comparison, it should be noted that the bomb at Hiroshima was the equivalent of "only" twenty thousand tons of T.N.T. Thus the bombs which theoretically hit the United States had an explosive force just short of one and one-half billion tons of T.N.T.

Half of the special subcommittee's theoretical bombs were thought of as hydrogen bombs, the other half as atomic. Of the 224 targets, 132 were military installations, 21 were Atomic Energy Commission facilities, and 71 were industrial and population centers considered "critical target areas" in the event of war. To ensure accuracy, weather conditions of an actual day—October 17, 1958—were used in plotting wind direction, fallout and the like.

What would the results have been, if October 17 of last year had actually been H-day? Half of America's forty-six million housing units would be destroyed or rendered unusable for months. Fifty million citizens would be dead, and twenty million others would be seriously injured. But the country would not be wiped out, the experts said, and chances for survival would be greatly enhanced through civil defense measures, including a shelter system, which it was estimated could save forty-six million American lives if nuclear war struck. At this time, however, the subcommittee described the American people as being in a state of "total unreadiness," and this fact in turn threatens the nation's ability to withstand possible "nuclear blackmail" by the U.S.S.R.

In an attack like that visualized, most of the casualties and the greatest damage would be caused by bomb blasts and heat; radiation effects would be a lesser danger, and with a proper program, including "high-performance shelter protection," radiation casualties could be reduced from an expected thirty per cent to three per cent. In general, said the report, "the consensus . . . was that the race could and would survive . . . notwithstanding the inevitable costs in physical impairments and deaths due to additional genetic mutuation. Life would continue and full recovery would eventually occur."

There is a certain comfort in the assurance by the experts that the race would survive such an attack. Aside from that, however, there is little in the subcommittee's report that makes very pleasant reading. We don't know just what will be made of these findings by those who think shelters economically impossible or by those who think the only possible solution is pacifism. But the report is a serious attempt to bring some kind of reality to discussions of a subject that has at best something of the quality of madness about it, and this is a step forward. Nightmare or no, the possibility of H-bomb warfare is part of the world we live in, and the sooner we face facts about it, the better.

POSTSCRIPT ON THE LEGION

LAST WEEK in these pages we discussed the refusal of the delegates to the American Legion convention to vote an end to racial bias in its fun-

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making 40 & 8 society. Since then, we are happy to note, Martin B. McKneally, the Legion's newly elected National Commander, has strongly criticized that action by the convention and has pledged "immediate action" to change the situation. "I believe," said Mr. McKneally, "that the American Legion, composed as it is of veterans of three wars which were fought for the preservation of freedom and human dignity, should be in the forefront in promoting brotherhood and should be the leader in allaying prejudice"—a statement to which we can only add our hearty amen.

A QUESTION OF VALUES

AS THESE words are being written, during Congress' last mad rush to adjourn, the fate of any kind of housing legislation is still very much in doubt. But by the time this editorial is read, the entire question may very well have been disposed of, once and for all. In one sense, then, there is little point in writing about it. And yet the Washington debate over housing raises questions that have a larger relevance than the fate of this or that particular piece of legislation.

The measure that was recently vetoed by the President is the second housing bill to be passed during this session. The first time around, Congress deliberately wrote a measure providing for less than is actually needed, in the hope that such "moderation" would make its work veto-proof. This hope proved to be groundless; Mr. Eisenhower promptly vetoed that bill and sent it back.

In the face of this Presidential action, the legislators went to work once more. The new bill they drafted and passed was less ambitious than the first; it certainly did not represent an all-out drive for urban renewal. It provided for a tiny trickle of public housing; it authorized spending considerably less than America's cities really need to attack the problem of blight; it made some kind of start in the increasingly important field of housing for the aged. The President, however, is opposed to Federal spending for these purposes and was reported to be interested only in those features of the bill which continue the government's role as mortgage-guarantor for banks and other financing agencies. Mr. Eisenhower therefore vetoed this bill as he did the first, and as a result it is quite possible that there will be no housing legislation during this session. If Congress was unable to override a Presidential veto on a public works bill—which the newspapers call "pork barrel" legislation—it is not surprising that a veto on housing could not be overcome. But we would hate to see the matter end this way.

President Eisenhower is reluctant to spend money for urban renewal programs because of the danger of inflation. Most people agree that inflation is a threat; the question is: is it our major or only threat and how should we behave in the face of it? In carrying on the fight against inflation, how do we judge what must be done and what can be put off to a more propitious time?

Nations, like individuals, must have values they cherish and goals to which they give priority. To our mind, the welfare of the family is an essential in national well-being which must receive a top priority. Yet today the welfare of thousands of American families is affected most seriously by our failure to stop the spread of urban slums.

During a recent inspection of tenement buildings in New York, for example, such "appalling and inhuman conditions" were discovered that a city housing official said it would be "an understatement" to describe such buildings as slums. Overcrowding, lack of plumbing facilities, sagging ceilings, unsafe stairways, exposed wiring—the same dreary old catalogue of evils that are part and parcel of slum life turned up once more. In one building alone two hundred and forty-five separate violations of the city's health and safety code were found, and if this was the worst example there were other tenements not far behind.

Anyone who takes the trouble to look for himself knows that such conditions are not limited to New York—indeed, in some ways New York has made more progress in this respect than many American metropolises. In all our great cities the central area is rotten and decayed, blight is spreading outward, and the taxing authority of the cities is inadequate to cope with the problem. As a result, the lack of decent housing for those who are in the greatest need remains one of our nation's major scandals.

It is with this background in mind, we believe, that measures like the housing bill should be judged. In general, an anti-inflationary program which makes no provision for pressing national needs does not strike us as sound public policy. Furthermore, no matter how necessary the fight against inflation may be or become, that effort should not be made to bear most heavily on those least able to suffer it. Our cities are already losing ground in the fight against slums. We simply do not believe that fighting inflation demands that thousands and thousands of American families must continue to live under conditions which are a national disgrace.

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A Leap of Faith

All of us, Catholic and Protestant, bear to some extent a mutual guilt and share in the scandal of antagonism and separation

by DANIEL J. CALLAHAN

ONE THING common to discussion between Protestants and Catholics is that each will at some point feel that he is misunderstood by the other. Part of this is attributable to the difficulties that beset any attempt to communicate one's most cherished and deeply rooted allegiances, and part to the very human unwillingness to believe that someone could really understand us and yet not be convinced.

The possibility of mutual understanding between the Catholic and the Protestant arises only when each begins to wonder if he fully grasps what the other is saying, however much he may be convinced that he already knows. Equally important, a certain amount of skepticism concerning the standard reasons given for misunderstanding—bigotry, pride, lack of knowledge—can be a healthy symptom of progress even though one's skepticism may turn out to be unfounded.

As often as not, to be sure, mutual understanding will only serve to sharpen differences, to dash hopes and solidify divisions. Understanding can be a sword that cuts two ways; it may lessen personal antagonism and increase ideological antagonism.

Something like this is happening in the current attempts of a number of Catholics to gain new insights into Protestantism, both in its historical and in its contemporary manifestations. Not only has one result been to reveal that the theological gap between Protestantism and Catholicism has widened since the Reformation but, as Christopher Dawson has suggested, that there is an equally wide cultural division which has contributed to the separation.

There have, of course, been signs here and there of late that Catholic liturgy and ecclesiology are receiving greater attention from Protestants, just as there has been a growing awareness among Catholics that Protestantism can contribute something to Catholicism. Encouraging as this development might be, however, it is hard to dispute the judgment of Father Gustav Weigel, S.J., who, in an excellent collection of essays, *Faith and Understanding in America* (Macmillan. $3.75.), says, "Thanks to the ecumenical movement, many Protestants are tentatively formulating a concept of the Church which timorously approaches the Catholic notion; but in the rest of the articles we are worlds apart. In spite of the efforts of the neosupernaturalists who stress the transcendence of God, many Protestants, clerical and lay, theological and nontheological, identify God with something in man."

THIS IS a hard saying and not, I would guess, the sort of quotation which many Catholics and Protestants interested in reunion like to see a Catholic emphasizing as I have chosen to do here. But if it is not the kind of judgment that augurs well for the future, it is still the fruit of an attempt to understand by a theologian who is anything but truculently gleeful over his own conclusions. While it may look like the sort of judgment Catholics have been levelling at Protestants ever since the Reformation, the main difference is that now Catholics look upon Protestantism as something other than a false system to be refuted and repudiated out of hand.

It is not Catholicism that suffers from Christian disunity, nor is it Protestantism as such, but all of us, Catholic and Protestant, bear to some extent a mutual guilt and share in the scandal of antagonism and separation. Just who is the *most* guilty is a matter for theologians to dispute—conceivably there could be a bit of wrangling on that point—and it would perhaps be silly to ask theologians to give up this sort of dispute for the sake of, say, a greater common strength against television and Sunday morning golf. What is important is that the results of the attempt to comprehend be used, not as ammunition to be stored in an apologetical armory, but simply as the data with which both sides must work.

Mr. Callahan, a frequent contributor to The Commonweal, is a member of the faculty at Harvard.

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The significance of the renewed Catholic interest in Protestantism is not, I would guess, that Catholics are more tolerant theologically of Protestants (which is hardly true) or that Catholics are only now coming to see the evil of disunity. Rather, it is that the Olympian manner, the scornful detachment, is giving way to a desire to meet Protestants in the flesh, to, if you will, grapple with men like ourselves over things that concern us both. Undoubtedly, those who see this trend as indicative of a need for greater unity against the common enemy of Communism and secularism have a plausible point, but I am inclined to agree with Mr. Dawson that the rise of the pluralistic society has done more than anything else to soften, if not destroy, the purely human and cultural barriers that have impeded reconciliation.

TO THE TOUGH-MINDED, those who are concerned only with issues and not men, this change may appear an irrelevant matter. From the Catholic who looks only for submission, the more abject the better, and the Protestant who looks only for Rome to give up its pretensions, especially the extravagances of the Vatican Council, little can be expected.

It is not that what such men want is illogical or uncharitable. For the Catholic at least, there can be no objection to Father Weigel's statement, "While the mathematician is not obliged in logic to make all men mathematicians, the Catholic actually must desire that every human being become a Catholic." Instead, the difficulty with the tact of the tough-minded is that it is so hopelessly implausible to think that each side would ever give way *en masse* to such surrender terms.

The difference in the tenor of the Catholic approach today is that what was once thrown out as a demand is now looked upon as an ideal, even though there is a substantial segment of Catholicism which still adheres to the, should we say, hydrogen bomb way of scoring a point. This shift from demanding to hoping is no less logical and consistent but shows that the ideal is shot through with a greater respect for the providential ways of God and a more delicate sensitivity to the actual contingencies of the non-Catholic Christian and the demands made upon his integrity by his cultural and existential situation.

It is not a mistake to hope for conversion, for the committed believer can hardly do otherwise if his commitment purports to have any universal meaning and value. The real question is the way one chooses to express one's hopes. If they are given substance with a bludgeon, by verbal bullying, denunciations and slick refutations of formal errors, then they will be rejected and resented, whatever their validity, because, to use a Quaker expression, they will not "speak to the condition" of the hearer.

Joseph Conrad, in *Under Western Eyes,* expressed perfectly the difficulties inherent in any attempt to use logic as the exclusive tool of analysis and criticism: "A train of thought is never false. The falsehood lies deep in the necessities of existence, in secret fears and half-formed ambitions, in the secret confidence combined with a secret mistrust of ourselves, in the love of hope and the dread of uncertain days."

Father Weigel expresses a kindred idea when he says, "All religions have this in common, that they move the will through the excitation of an inward vision." And the trouble with trying to confuse inward visions is that only the beholder can see clearly wherein their motive force lies; the blind outsider almost always misses the point.

The most one can do is to attempt to enable the other to catch a glimpse of one's own vision, to purify oneself so that what is essential comes through. Father George Tavard, A.A., in *The Church, The Layman and The Modern World* (Macmillan. $2.50.), exhorts us to do just this through our life as Catholics in the community and in the parish. Should we secretly be prone to think that the task of the Catholic is simply to present a better set of arguments, Father Tavard reminds us: "That there are genuine Christians who deny the Church is made possible by the necessary ambiguities affecting all realities that participate in the events of history. The faults and failures of the men who are in the Church, their twofold engagement in faith and in secular activities, their occasional insincerity, throw shadows on the garments of the Church. Because of them she is more or less hidden behind a haze of equivocation."

IF GIVING witness to the truth of Catholicism is the essential task of the Catholic, it is no simple matter to know how to give the right kind of witness. Despite what many have said, particularly in decrying a lack of radicalism and boldness in today's younger generation, there is some reason to think that the problem of modern man is not that there are no powerful ideas or movements to capture his imagination. If anything there are too many, and the pull of each offering him the absolute solution to all his problems tends to leave him jaded of the whole business of seeking and embracing absolutes.

Too many movements and ideologies have in recent years betrayed their followers and their ideals. If this has been a salutary lesson in the political realm, the extension of the lesson to cover religion is not surprising. Catholicism cannot fail to be suspect just because it does offer some absolute answers to the most fundamental human questions.

As Father Tavard notes, it is the false identification of Catholicism with the totalitarian mentality which is one of the main stumbling blocks of non-Catholics. Quite correctly he says, "One sees well enough the core

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of Blanshard's arguments: the Church claims the total spiritual allegiance of her members; by thus depriving them of man's right to his private judgment (as seen by Blanshard) she encourages a blind obedience which is likely to accept totalitarian politics." Far from always drawing men by its exalted vision, its inner consistency and its tight logic, it is the very strength of Catholicism which makes it seem the most deadly kind of temptation for one determined to stand by himself and to exert to the fullest the most precious gift of freedom.

There can be no doubt that Protestantism has always been disturbed by the proliferation of sects entailed by its systematic rejection of a central, visible authority, and has been just as disturbed by the distortion of Christianity often justified in the name of freedom and progress. But while these facts have, to the Catholic, been the observable evidence of the fatal weakness of Protestantism, the Protestant himself has felt his choice to lie between the danger of error and the danger of spiritual tyranny. His choice of the former as the lesser evil is, to him, more consistent with the exercise of Christian liberty, no matter how much certainty and stability the latter might offer.

FOR THE CATHOLIC, naturally, these choices as seen by the Protestants represent a false dilemma: divinely appointed authority is the very opposite of tyranny and certainty in fundamentals does not impair freedom but is the very ground of it. Yet it is difficult for the Catholic to make this sort of distinction persuasively in a world which exhibits innumerable great and petty authoritarian regimes, each suppressing the individual in the name of some greater good or truth.

The very subtlety of Catholic reasoning on the meaning of Christian freedom is suspect; the impossibility of reducing the Catholic conception to a slogan suitable for a banner or placard only increases the suspicion that nothing more than devious reasoning lies behind it. Political and ideological totalitarianism have wreaked tremendous human suffering in our times; they have also debased language to such an extent that many of the words and concepts necessary for Catholics to use to make themselves understandable—"authority," "discipline," and "truth" for instance—are only understood according to the distorted usage of the dictator.

Inevitably, in this kind of situation, the Church will be misunderstood, even by those inclined to give it every benefit of the doubt. Because its view of the world is, up to a point, fixed and closed, rigidity will be read into it where none exists. That the Church is admittedly authoritarian, again up to a point, means that authoritarianism will be read into it in areas where the Catholic is perfectly free to choose for himself. Indeed, for the outsider the matter of Catholic freedom must be baffling when he contemplates the frequently violent debates within the Church over the degree of freedom allowable when a particular doctrine or practice is in question. That the non-Catholic should, because it accords with his preconceptions, choose that party in a dispute as most representative which lessens the degree of freedom, ought not to shock the Catholic who may at times find himself in a quandary when faced with conflicting theological judgments.

Moreover, the traditional language of Catholicism is not the language of the day and, as Father Weigel points out, the Catholic who attempts to translate the traditional language into a contemporary idiom may satisfy neither the outsider nor his fellow Catholics. It is all too easy for the non-Catholic to disregard the persuasive and congenial Catholic as the exception proving the rule, particularly when some Catholics themselves pass the same judgment.

A recent instance of this was the hostile judgment passed by some prominent Catholic publications on Mr. Philip Scharper's fine article, "What a Modern Catholic Believes," in *Harpers*. What was discouraging about the criticism was that, while admittedly no errors were found in his presentation of Catholicism, it was felt that his way of putting things might give some the wrong impression. Possibly an I.B.M. machine programmed by a committee of theologians could be built which would avoid this danger, though I'm sure no I.B.M. machine could be built which would resolve the dispute over who should be picked for the committee. In any case, the non-Catholic who can cut his way through the tangle of such a confusing witness is surely rare.

IF, FOR SOME of the above reasons, it is exceedingly difficult for the Protestant to understand Catholicism, it is equally difficult for the Catholic to understand Protestantism. The Catholic will inevitably be prone to abstract some kind of essence of Protestantism, perhaps as Father Weigel does by emphasizing its conception of truth as a construction rather than a reception. At most, however, such abstractions will only be tentative guides, as I'm sure Father Weigel himself would say.

At one time it may have been possible to generalize about Protestantism. Today such generalizations are risky because of the existence of a plethora of conflicting trends, ranging from those who see Christianity as a useful myth when suitably interpreted through those Anglicans who find the Bishop of Rome distressingly low church. One can, as Fathers Weigel and Tavard have done very effectively and convincingly, delineate trends within Protestantism. But one can rarely be sure, given any individual Protestant, where he personally will stand in relation to these trends or even, as far as that goes, where he will stand in relation to the creed of his own church.

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While a Protestant would be justified in simply reading the works of the great classical expositors of Catholicism with considerable assurance that the contemporary Catholic would be one with them on fundamentals, a similar approach by Catholics to Protestantism would not equally be justified. The Catholic can only confront the Protestant one by one; his dialogue cannot be with spokesmen for an institution, for there are no such spokesmen nor is there any such institution.

The Protestant is justified in looking not for the eccentric witness to Catholicism but for the corporate witness. The Catholic may be tempted to look at Protestantism in the same way and, to some extent, this is reasonable enough. Yet if to the Protestant the glory of his faith is that it gives the individual a radical freedom to probe the depths of Christianity for himself then, in all justice, it is the individual Protestant who must be met.

In time, it might be that Protestants and Catholics will come to understand each other. Should this ever happen, there would be, of course, no guarantee that anything at all would be changed in their relationship. A belief that understanding would make a difference is little more than a leap of faith—the only leap available to us.

PIETA

Now let the rivers rise and overflow.
The banks of love—see how the cold streams rise
From your weeping eyes
The wound in your calm breast
Carries no telltale stain
So sacred is your pain
Let the grave hold it, let the bleeding ground
Receive it, let the weeping sound
Of men and rivers murmur endlessly—
Let the gold seasons breathe it, and the snow
Answer with the lily's glow.

Mary, whose name floats on the bright river
Bright in your Son's grace,
Now that you see His face
Always—beyond the shadow of pain
Yours always and forever, let His smile
Warm you in heaven, now that embracing gaze
Envelopes you in love, now all your tears
Drop in the fount of healing, now His breath
Is in the air we breathe, now, now, we know
How courage, courtesy, and charm prevails
When power and brute force fails
Even in the pits of darkness pray for us
Pray for us in the darkness and the light.

MARYA ZATURENSKA.

THE BEE

A zig-zag bee, zzz and zzz-ing, came
Out of the flowers in my room; his claim
For being there was he had been carried there
While he worked in a flower, unaware.

He swayed, buzzed toward a window where a screen
Stopped him, sieved the universe between
A green beyond and his desire for
A green beyond: he was neither/nor.

From flowers to screen, he hummed a sort of thunder—
Nothing, yet olympic to my wonder;
His song stopped when the network stopped the bee.
He inspected man's ingenuity.

The screen was there to keep him out, not in.
I wanted to let his ecstasy begin
Again—to let it continue as it was.
Let a bee have his summer: what he does

With his brief season is a song for hours;
Let a bee have his privilege of flowers,
I thought. Therefore, I took an envelope
(He did not know this was his one white hope)

And tried to maneuver him to crawl inside.
Something, maybe fear or maybe pride,
Prompted him to be difficult:
He had his bee-wise reason to consult

Whether this should be or should not be.
I learned some independence from the bee.
Yet, because I could not watch him strive
Futilely, and wanted him alive—

I could not let him die, with honeysuckle
Just in view—I nudged him with my knuckle,
Then carried him outside like a note for mailing.
I opened the envelope, and the bee went sailing

Into his freedom as his thunder began
Again. I felt aliveness as a man
Should. I felt the summer rise in me.
I saw a million flowers for the bee.

JOHN FANDEL.

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CRISIS IN HOSPITALITY

HOSPITALITY, events seem to prove, isn't what it used to be. But the personal diplomats and the experts and analysts have not yet managed to put across very clearly what the new meaning is. For those operating with an older-model semantics, this is especially unfortunate at a time when the world is going through an unprecedented, major crisis in hospitality. Already Representatives and Senators, our highest legislators, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and, in the executive branch, the Vice President have visited Russia, with suitable opposite numbers from the Soviets being feted through the United States. Now we are on the brink of the grand climax with the forthcoming Eisenhower-Khrushchev interchange.

Among older terms of human intercourse, none more dramatic and symbolic could be found to show a benevolent American tolerance to the thoughts, words and deeds of Khrushchev, the Communist party and the Russian state. This interpretation goes back to ancient days, and directly, of course, to the Bible. St. John tells Christians, "If anyone comes to you and does not bring this doctrine [of Christ], do not receive him into the house, or say to him, Welcome. For he who says to him, Welcome, is sharer in his evil works." Perhaps the President's hasty trip to Europe —part of a day in Bonn, a few days in Paris, a brief stay in England—will bring about a quieting exegesis of biblical and traditional wisdom. That is, perhaps President Eisenhower will convince the people of the world who are enemies of Khrushchev that welcome and hospitality, nowadays, do not mean anything. It would be presumed, then, that Khrushchev and his comrades know it already.

The alternative message from the White House-Kremlin festivities is that Khrushchev, Communism and the Russian state are no longer, in fact, our enemy nor the enemy of our brothers and friends whose lives, we have been told, they crushed. This would be a revolutionary statement, indeed. A certain lag in assimilating it would be almost inevitable. For many years the assumption has been made that nearly everybody in this country considers the Russian Communist government and system our principal, definite enemy. We were assured that for all practical purposes the country was effectively unified on this score. Efforts which would test the assumption by inquiring into domestic "subversion" or "un-American activities" roused passionate protests as being uncivilized and unnecessary.

We were well educated to believe Khrushchev was talking palpable propaganda when claiming to be a peaceful competitor. We took him to be, rather, an enemy, going after different, conflicting goals by ways and means which our concepts ruled out. He has appeared an active, aggressive enemy, seeking to destroy the means we use in our efforts, and to destroy the ends we strive for: a triple enemy, trying to destroy our will to seek our goals, and our very consciousness and awareness of the ideals and values which our people and society have set before them as target and fulfillment of their personal and social life.

No one could ever seriously deny that even such an enemy has redeeming features, and that such a swelling antagonism has impurities. Khrushchev possesses obvious charms and powers, and the Russian Communist system contains elements of truth and beneficence; while, undeniably, America, its people and its leaders, fail and err. But Khrushchev is a single person, an identity, and we cannot cut his personality up and welcome the parts we like and reject the rest. The state and system he leads likewise have an identifiable impact on the world, the most unitary and integrated of any political, ideological force in our experience. If Khrushchev and the movement he heads are not an enemy, it would seem there is no enemy.

Undoubtedly, and justifiably, we do fear having an enemy. Cowardice, in the first place, is natural. We can reasonably fear being beaten, or the loss and work involved in protecting our lives and ways and properties. We should certainly fear, prudently and charitably, the generalized death and destruction which a war might bring from enmity. Then, there is a sentimental, escapist fear of the very idea of recognizing an enemy, pretending it is a denial of Christ and blasphemy against Love. But the injunction to love our enemies hardly rules out their existence. Various forms of ostracism reach to the beginning of Western freedom among the Greeks and are tools of charity Christianity has utilized since Apostolic days. St. John did not consider that his warning not to "receive him into the house, or say to him, Welcome" contradicted Christian laws and precepts, and it would be a bold man who thought he knew more about love than St. John. It may well be a fearsome job to work it out, but there is no contradiction.

With human beings, after all, an enemy is an absolute necessity for any sanity or pattern in personal and social life. Inner and outer chaos would obviously and inevitably result from accepting everything, opposing no person and idea and spirit. Rejection is part of every choice and every discipline. Hospitality has limits. The limits are being stretched to strange, new shapes.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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HERE AND THERE

TWO FRONTS IN THE SAME WAR

Rome

WASHINGTON and Vatican City have long been headquarters in the West's cold war with Soviet Communism. But to say that is not to claim that the two capitals, though they have faced the same enemy, have been fighting precisely the same war.

It would be a serious error to confuse the tangential interests of the Church and the American Government with a political allegiance, though many have done so. The Church is not hostile to international Communism merely, or even primarily, because Communism is anti-American, anti-capitalistic or even because it is anti-democratic. The Church opposes Communism because it is anti-religious, anti-Christian and ultimately anti-human. To the degree that there are anti-religious, anti-Christian and anti-human elements in American life, to that same degree the Church is also anti-American, as, in the same sense, it is to some degree anti-French, anti-Italian, anti-British, etc.

In a word the Church, to be true to its own mission, can not be unequivocally pledged to any one nation or group of nations. There is a sense in which it must stand in judgment on them all.

The United States Government, for its part, is interested in freedom of religion. But to argue for this is not to demand that the Government be interested in the propagation or prosperity of any one religion or Church. The Government of the U.S. is no more pledged to Catholicism than to Protestantism. By definition, it can not be allied with any Church or religious body.

These a-b-c facts about the relationship of Catholicism and the U.S. Government are worth recalling at this particular time when America's cold war with Soviet Russia seems to be thawing somewhat. For there will be no let-up in the Vatican's cold war with Communism. It will remain as intense as ever.

Basically the difference is founded on the difference between Church and State. The international cold war has not only ideological but military aspects. But the Church's war is exclusively ideological or, in the highest sense, political. The Pope has no divisions. No shots will be fired, no bombs will be dropped in his name. The Church's war, in scriptural language, is basically with principalities and powers. In a manner of speaking, she is fighting for the soul of the West, and that war will continue unabated as long as Communism remains what it is.

So it is that while it is only a matter of months since John XXIII stated solemnly that another war would be suicidal for mankind, there is little enthusiasm in many ecclesiastical circles here for the visits of President Eisenhower to Moscow and of Premier Khrushchev to the United States. Indeed, some important churchmen feel that any seeming camaraderie between the political leaders of East and West may be a kind of disaster for the West. They argue that the West's strongest case against the Soviet system has always been a moral case and that by the new turn of diplomacy, the difference between respect for religion and aggressive irreligion, or between Christian humanism and Soviet atheism, may be hopelessly blurred in the popular mind.

Once before, during World War II, the churchmen point out, these differences were glossed over, with tragic results. It should not happen again.

The ecclesiastics have a point. In the United States, where mass communications are omnipotent, Communist propaganda is weak, and popular education is almost universal, the problem is not so severe as in a country like Italy where the reverse is true. "How can we persuade simple people not to vote for Communist candidates or to turn a deaf ear to Soviet propaganda after they see the posters which the Communists will hang everywhere showing Khrushchev being wined and dined in the U.S.?" "What will such displays—and don't think they won't be exploited to the hilt—do to the will-to-resist in the Iron Curtain countries?" "How do those of us who have defended American policy and opposed Soviet propaganda through thick and thin look now? Who will listen to us?"

In many anti-Communist circles here, there is this feeling of having the rug pulled out.

I see the point, but I also see the point of the President's drastic efforts to establish international peace. The President has a terrible responsibility to see to it that the cold war does not turn hot and that the nuclear holocaust is avoided. The prime responsibility of the churchmen I speak of, as they understand their mission, is to see to it that atheistic Communism is not mistaken for anything less horrendous than it is. This responsibility is particularly pressing here where one hears often that an Italy turned Communist would somehow produce a Communism tenderized by the Italian genius for humanism.

Basically, I suppose, the differences are based on two distinct concepts of the cold war. The first, the political and military concept, is proper to statesmen and generals; the second, the religious and ideological concept, is proper to theologians and philosophers. The two groups may share a common enemy but, by the nature of things, they can not always have a united strategy. At times it is inevitable that each feels betrayed by the other.

JOHN COGLEY.

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The total effect of U.S. propaganda efforts overseas has been marginal at best

America's Image Abroad

by DONALD BRANDON

THE HARMFUL effects which result from the adoption of advertising techniques by American politicians have been widely discussed. Outside circles of the informed public, however, the role of public relations men in the Government's overseas information program has been largely ignored. Our propaganda agency, like our political parties, has utilized uncritically the arts of persuasion developed by the successful commercial salesmen of America, and the results have been damaging to the U.S.

The low prestige of the United States abroad is not, of course, primarily the result of the manner and techniques of the official American information organization. But because of the outlook of its officials and their approach to their task, the Government program has not made even the limited contribution to U.S. foreign policy of which it is capable.

Since George Allen became head of the United States Information Agency, however, there seems to be a chance of curtailing the baneful influence of sloganeering in our overseas propaganda. For Allen, a veteran career diplomat, shares the belief of most of his colleagues, foreign correspondents, and academic authorities that the total effect of our propaganda effort to date has been at best marginal and at worst actually harmful to the position of the United States abroad. Allen's predecessor, Arthur Larson, also held a low opinion of the Agency's effectiveness, but he felt it necessary to resign before he could attempt to set necessary changes in motion. Should Allen remain in his position for some time, it is possible that the reign of the admen will come to an end, at least in our overseas information program.

Since the necessity of a permanent propaganda organization was accepted in 1948, both the Agency and Congress have assumed that the only important question regarding U.S.I.A. was the size of its budget and of its staff. The Agency, assuming that its basic message and techniques were valid, has argued that more men and more money would enable it to blanket the earth with the truth. Congressmen, realizing that our propaganda campaign has hardly been an unqualified success, but unaware of the necessity for radically overhauling the whole operation, have contented themselves with questioning and cutting appropriations. If Allen is to be successful in his efforts to change the direction of U.S.I.A.'s efforts, it is essential that the philosophy and the personnel of the Agency—and not merely its allotment—be taken into consideration. For the advertising men in charge of U.S.I.A. have not understood the nature and possibilities of government propaganda.

WHILE A FEW senior U.S.I.A. officials have realized that propaganda is ninety per cent deeds and only ten per cent words, Larson and Allen have been the first directors to recognize, as the latter put it recently, that "our information program makes its most important contribution to international relations through long-term efforts to build better interrelationships with other peoples." Flushed with the success of their commercial admanship at home, the men from Madison Avenue who have been running our propaganda program have attempted by hard-sell tactics to persuade peoples abroad of the virtues of the United States and its foreign policies. The major emphasis has been upon informational programs designed to gain immediate support for the U.S. in world affairs. The cultural office of U.S.I.A.—the branch concerned with long-run effect—has been considered an unimportant operation by the practical men in charge of the Agency, who have sought to win friends and influence people by Dale Carnegie tactics.

With the notable exception of Larson, the previous directors of U.S.I.A., and most of the men in ranking positions around them, have not realized that the U.S.A. rather than U.S.I.A. shapes the fundamental image of America in the minds of peoples in other lands. The statements and actions of the Administration and the domestic affairs of America are covered by the foreign press. All that U.S.I.A. can attempt to do is to interpret events in a manner favorable to the United States. However, the peoples of the world are nearly immune to direct governmental propaganda, and the interpretation by molders of public opinion in their own countries is the one which is accepted. Further-

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more, the good construction put on American internal and foreign actions by U.S.I.A. has been generally so unsophisticated that only uninformed foreigners would place any credence in the Agency output.

A recent example of the heavy-handed approach of U.S.I.A. was its all-out and costly drive in 1957 to highlight the Soviet crushing of the Hungarian uprising as an illustration of Communist brutality. Apart from the fact that the character of the Russian intervention did not require any belaboring, the peoples and governments of Western Europe—as well as the Hungarians who revolted—were at least as incensed at four years of Voice of America propaganda about "liberation of the satellites" as they were over the Soviet action. The Agency effort merely highlighted the folly of such imprudent and politically inspired propaganda by the United States, and had no appreciable impact on European or world opinion of Russia and its East European policies.

If the peoples of the world are shocked by violence in Little Rock, or by the policy of "massive retaliation," it would be better for U.S.I.A. to forego rationalizations and to stress other mitigating facts or policies. By attempting to persuade the world of the morality and wisdom of every statement and action of the Administration, and of the superlative values of American society and culture, U.S.I.A. simply accentuates the widespread impression overseas that the United States is not mature enough to be entrusted with leadership of the free world.

The tenor of the Agency's message up to now has been self-righteous and aggressive, reflecting America's consternation at discovering that the United States is as disliked and feared as the Soviet Union in many countries. But this response has been self-defeating, and has only served to reaffirm the widely-held view that the United States is an immature, materialistic nation.

In order to overcome the unfavorable impression of America abroad, a patient and long-term approach, emphasizing our genuine cultural and political accomplishments, while admitting our defects, is required. Of course, U.S.I.A. must adapt its propaganda in one way to advanced European nations, and in quite another manner to the technically backward and non-Western countries. But the cultural rather than the informational programs need to be stressed everywhere in the world if the Agency is to be effective.

ALTHOUGH direct efforts to mold mass opinion abroad have been largely fruitless, U.S.I.A. has had considerable success in its hitherto limited attempts to influence the leaders of other nations. Increasing the number of important people brought to the United States under the Leader Program, strengthening U.S.I.A. libraries and augmenting the quantity and availability of low-priced books, and making greater use of American scholars and artists working overseas would enable the Agency to make a significant contribution to understanding of the U.S. abroad.

These measures are not intended to gain immediate support for the cause of America and its foreign policies. Nor can it be expected that every person brought to the United States or put into contact with our way of life will be favorably impressed. However, these programs have far more lasting effect than direct propaganda and could be the instruments of improved understanding.

Furthermore, if U.S.I.A. is to accomplish its objectives, its personnel as well as its program must be improved. Personal contacts with influential leaders of public opinion in other countries can be as valuable as the cultural program in gaining support for America and its policies, and the relatively few direct successes scored by the Agency have been the work of outstanding individuals rather than the result of the mass informational program. A survey of U.S.I.A.'s semi-annual reports to the Congress shows that the Agency itself highlights the achievements of a few officers who gained the confidence and respect of foreign leaders and thereby influenced either opinion or policy-making officials in a manner favorable to the United States.

Unfortunately, the majority of rank and file U.S.I.A. officers stationed abroad scoff at the cultural program and lack the sense of purpose and the skills required to develop meaningful contacts. Apart from the well-known language deficiencies of Agency personnel, far too many of them are in the foreign service primarily because of the opportunities for travel, security and status.

IN VIEW OF the fact that the American people and their government make the greatest impression abroad, U.S.I.A. cannot be expected—even with better personnel and a more realistic program—to be any better than America, its conduct and foreign policies. The Soviet Union and Communist China can attempt to conceal defects in their countries or to deny their existence, but a free society's ills are only too apparent for all to see and criticize.

So long as America has a bitter and unresolved racial problem, and is dominated by materialist and philistine

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values, it will be difficult for U.S.I.A. to carry out its mission. For no propaganda organization can foster sympathetic attitudes if its product cannot stand serious scrutiny. Until the United States recaptures its sense of values, it will be all but impossible for the Agency to present an image of America to the world which is inherently attractive.

There are other serious obstacles to U.S.I.A.'s successful depiction of "the correlation between United States' policies and the legitimate aspirations of other peoples of the world." Possibly the most important is the largely negative and merely anti-Communist character of U.S. foreign policy. This has given the Communist bloc the initiative, and put the American-led free world on the defensive in the cold war. Unless the United States revises its foreign policy, and both restores the Western military position and puts more stress on positive diplomatic and economic policies, U.S.I.A. will be unable to improve the impression overseas of American leadership in the continuing international struggle.

George Allen knows the faults of the U.S.I.A., the task it faces, and what is required for it to come into its own. But it remains to be seen whether the Agency's philosophy and personnel will be overhauled. For only Congressional and public understanding and support will enable Allen to modify the approach of the men in charge of our propaganda program.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Poet Americanus

by JANET FISCALINI

WILLIAM CARLOS Williams has had a very long career, and he has published vastly. We have the respectably thick volumes of collected poems, the long and complex poem, *Paterson,* in five books; we have plays, translations, essays, and short stories, besides innumerable complimentary prefaces and introductions. Williams has published an autobiography, a volume of selected letters, and, most recently, a memoir of his mother, *Yes, Mrs. Williams.* (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.50.)

Only a man willing to climb out on a limb would have published so much. Those familiar with Williams' work know how alarmingly far out he has climbed at times, and how ardently he has done so. They are likely to believe, however, that much even of his poor work shows significant perception and important technique. And in a time of miniature volumes and delicate qualifications, they are likely to feel a warm respect for an excellent poet who has somehow remained fervent, excitable, generous, and even garrulous.

For all his fervor and his long career, Williams' writing has reflected constant concerns and a substantial view of poetry and literature. One might say, generally, that he is deeply concerned with the local and American and that poetry, in his view, aims at a presentation and arrangement of particulars, facts, "things," which will reveal new significance. Perhaps the most striking thing about the recent memoir is that it reflects and reveals the themes and concepts which have occupied him throughout his long career.

WILLIAMS intends a portrayal of an individual and of a type of old age. But he also intends a study in various American milieux, a study in contrasts, shifts, and the release of new forces. Much of the color of the book appears in reminiscences of the West Indies, where Mrs. Williams was born. Of Spanish, French, and mixed European descent, she grew up in Puerto Rico, studied painting in Paris, returned to the islands, and then married an Englishman, who brought her to this country.

In the years following his father's death, Williams planned the book and made notes of her conversation. He has simply set down these fragments—anecdotes, complaints, appreciations, opinions—in an arrangement which permits the development of motives and climaxes.

Among those fragments Williams has inserted comments in his own voice. There are explanatory notes, social and psychological interpretations, and simple effusions. "—past even the rancors of regret—old age is intensified by regrets that breed envy, resent solicitudes—finally quarrels with that which is nearest. . . ."

"Everybody we know is a local virtue," Williams wrote in a letter; we can know the universal only in the local. Or, from another letter: "As I have said, for *me,* its [poetry's] virtue lies in relating to the immediacy of my life. I live where I live and acknowledge no lack

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Miss Fiscalini is herself a poet whose work has appeared in this and other American journals.

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of opportunity because of that to be alert to facts, to the music of events. . . ."

These are a few of many theoretical justifications for his absorption in American material, American history, American speech, and for his struggle to find the proper rhythms and even "forms" for the themes. *Paterson* was a grand attempt in this direction. The central symbol, the river flowing from the Passaic Falls to the Atlantic, not only contains the most general meanings of the poem, but touches on, indicates, aspects and moments of American society. *In the American Grain,* an amazing and beautiful sequence or arrangement of essays, adaptations, and translations, begins with Eric and Columbus and concludes with Poe and Lincoln.

JUST NOW the theme and the direction may seem unremarkable. We have "absorbed" the work of the "expatriate," and we can look on the literature of the thirties. Poets, typists, unemployed, cross the Atlantic, recross it after fifteen years, but make no splendid gestures. Williams, however, belonged to Pound's generation. His theory of poetry, his techniques, were formed at the same time, his literary alliances were the same, and yet he remained engrossed in the local and American.

In his own generation, then, he was isolated. The extent of his isolation is apparent in his letters. There were those with similar technical aims who remained at home, but the locale, the place itself was not so important to them. Those who stayed at home and shared this concern had other theories of poetry, other alliances. Nor, finally, had Williams much in common with the writers of the thirties; his "engagement" was personal, rather than political.

Certainly, Williams assumed some absurd positions in this matter of the local and American. To what degree his theory, his temperament, or his isolation were responsible for the exaggerations is a question for a biographer. But even in his later letters, one can find old-fashioned frenzies in the face of conventional verse forms. "Classic," for him, is a fretful word. In a tone worthy of a rising Congressman, he can speak of the language of a poem as "American" (or not "American").

Equally important are the sentimental or pseudo-primitive or simply thoughtless assumptions about society on this side of the Atlantic. Speaking of *Paterson,* in one of his letters, he declares offhand that the society, like the river, grows corrupt as it nears the city. A long comment toward the end of this memoir shows comparable oversimplification. Williams is talking of the mixture of nationalities, old traditions and new "radicals," in the West Indies. Unhappily, one knows how reverie will end:

> It is precisely the racial solidarity, the traditional aloofness of the nomadic tribe . . . which forms the basis for Nazi action. It is precisely this the West Indian tradition abhorred also and tended to break down. . . .

As the form of the memoir indicates, Williams has been equally tenacious in maintaining and developing the basic poetic theory of the "experimental generation." He has written again and again: "Say it; no ideas but in *things.*" The statement has connections with the imagist program, with Pound's theory of ideogram, and with much modern aesthetic theory. But Williams' practice is to present, to pile up particulars (which need not, of course, be images; broken anecdotes, allusions and letters are "things," in this sense) in such rhythmed arrangements that the development and reflection of motives are possible, though explicit connections, narrative or "logical," are abandoned.

The terms and the method were originally associated with a theory of the lyric poem. And perhaps most "modern" lyrics can be described in such terms, as they can be described in other ways. However, the problems implicit in the method are most apparent in longer works; the particulars, the untrimmed and trailing "facts" are apt to show an ungainly bulk; the thematic, "musical" structures are apt to be lost in eccentric reverie. These faults are readily apparent in the memoir of Williams' mother, for example.

THE FIRST book of *Paterson,* on the other hand, shows the possibilities of this way of writing. It is certainly one of the most beautiful poems of the last fifty years. There is variety, without eccentricity, in the handling of the parts, and the interrelated themes are splendidly developed. "Paterson" is the dreaming mind of the city, the mind of man.

> Paterson lies in the valley under the Passaic Falls
> its spent waters forming the outlines of his back. He
> lies on his right side, head near the thunder
> of the waters filling his dreams!

Such lyric statements establish the themes of the poem and the central symbols. As the general theme is the difficulty or impossibility of achieving that unity which the imagination strives for, so the waterfall is, most generally, the mind and language of the city.

> Jostled as are the waters approaching
> the brink, his thoughts
> interlace, repel, and cut under
> rise rock-thwarted and turn aside . . .

The raw "things" in the poem, the broken anecdotes, the bits of the history of the city, extracted from newspaper files and prose histories, are so firmly and figurally connected with the central themes and symbols (most of the historical fragments, like the story of Sam Patch, a professional daredevil, are episodes connect-

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ed with the waterfalls and the river) that a coherence of outline, almost of scene, is maintained.

But in the fourth book of the same poem, the poet has pressed the method to its extreme of arbitrariness. The themes themselves have been broken up, fragmented, multiplied confused with special opinions; the particulars are drawn from a vast but vague historical range; the treatment is mannered, eccentric, Poundian.

THE GIST
credit: the gist
In
venshun

There is much more of this. If the book is a failure, despite its splendid passages, it is not because of the intellectual difficulty. We are familiar with the devices. But when Billy Sunday, Sappho, the Abbess of Rupertsberg, the Curies, the Parthenon, "social credit," and Ezra Pound, are broken into smaller "things" and rearranged in this manner, we have something like a furious intellectual autobiography set down in the form of a rebus.

The purpose of experiment is discovery, and concentration on the particularity of particulars discovered new immediacy and poignancy. But a blind concentration on such immediacy ends in clumsiness, or disorder, or both. Sometimes Williams reminds one of Swift's sages who, having distinguished between words and objects, or "things," determined to use the latter for conversation.

> If a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a great bundle of *things* on his back . . . I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs. . . .

One feels free now to emphasize Williams' exaggerations, rather than his accomplishments, since his standing as a poet and a writer is not in question. The first book of *Paterson, In the American Grain,* and a number of his lyrics have a place among the very best writing of the century. But if the poetry of the last fifty years is important, the exaggerations themselves are important, and the constancy of the man. One thinks of a dazzling moment in that confused fourth book of *Paterson,* where, among fragments reflecting ridiculous economic conditions, ironies in the history of science, the misery of the last war, he inserts this passage from the Columbus chapter of *In the American Grain:*

> On Friday, the twelfth of October, we anchored before the land and made ready to go ashore. There I sent the people for water . . . During that time I walked among the trees which were the most beautiful thing which I had ever known.

To be one of the few men living who might speak of a "new world" without intending irony, and without provoking it, is no small thing.

THE SCREEN

LEGERDEMAIN

IF ANYONE doubts the magic of the moving magic lantern invented by Edison, he should see "The Magician," the latest Ingmar Bergman film to be shown in this country. It is as if the great Swedish director set out to show what he could do with magic and illusion when he had both the cast and the audience under his spell.

Set in 1846 Sweden, "The Magician" gets under way with some incredibly beautiful scenes of a coach going through an eerie woods. "This used to be a forest full of wailing ghosts," says the elderly witch to her traveling companions: her grandson who is a magician and hypnotist, his wife disguised as a young man, and his manager who often speaks for him because the magician is supposedly mute. They have cause to wonder if this *is* a forest full of wailing ghosts when they pick up an ailing, alcoholic actor who seems to die in the coach. Then they are stopped by police at the edge of town and brought to the house of a rich merchant where the suspicious police chief and a skeptical doctor question them, insist they stay overnight and put on a performance the next day.

There are strange goings-on in that house in the next twenty-four hours. The merchant's wife is attracted to the magician's face which is both fearsome and saintly (but looks entirely different when the magician takes off his make-up and reveals the face of Max von Sydow, the fine actor who plays this role so well). The doctor (skillfully played by Gunnar Bjornstrand) cannot believe in the magician but is won to the magician's wife who is indeed made lovely by blond Ingrid Thulin. Under the influence of the hypnotist-magician, the police chief's wife reveals what a pig her husband is—revelations which only make the chief more determined to show up the magician. While these events are taking place upstairs, the servants are carrying on in their own way downstairs, only too glad to use the doled-out love potions as an excuse for their activities.

Although Bergman, who writes his own scenarios, mixes low comedy with high seriousness in "The Magician," his picture has unity and great force. Even the tangents seem to come back to the main theme, but in "The Magician," more than in "Wild Strawberries" and "The Seventh Seal," I wonder if Bergman hasn't thrown more pieces into the puzzle than there is room for. The explanation, given by some critics, that the magician is a symbol of Christ is evident in a few scenes but does not stand up well throughout. For me the picture is a mixture of reality and unreality and asks: What is truth? "Fraud is so common that those who tell the truth are branded as liars." In any case,

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"The Magician" is stimulating and exciting entertainment, handsomely photographed and expertly acted by Bergman's fine Swedish cast.

THE FRENCH have sent over "Back to the Wall," a more modern kind of thriller with a story which, while hardly delectable, is fascinating to watch in its unfolding. The movie's opening shots show Gerard Oury, later revealed as a brilliant industrialist, going to a large building, entering an apartment, lingering long enough to straighten it and wrap the corpse of a young man in a rug, then going to his industrial plant and burying the body in cement. On his way home, a long flashback shows the events that led to these macabre events.

On returning to Paris one night from a trip, Oury discovers his wife (Jeanne Moreau) with a young lover (Philippe Nicaud). Torn between his desire to revenge himself on the couple on the one hand and to win back his wife on the other, Oury cooks up a diabolic plot: he writes his wife a series of anonymous letters blackmailing her and demanding sums of money which, since he is very wealthy, have no meaning for him other than the fact that they are a threat and an embarrassment to his wife. Then he carries his schemes even further, with tragic results, by having a friend of the lover (effectively played by Claire Maurier) insinuate to his wife that the lover is the blackmailer and is actually only a gigolo trying to get as much money as he can.

"Back to the Wall" makes no pretense at being pleasant, but Director Edouard Molinaro handles his cast well and builds up a tremendous suspense. The picture's main failing, though, is in its length; the double-dealing and chicanery goes on and on till one gets sick of it.

THE AMERICANS have also come up with a foreign-type movie, but since "That Kind of Woman" is produced by Carlo Ponti and Marcello Girosi, and stars Sophia Loren, it could probably be considered international. Thanks to the fine direction of Sidney Lumet and its emphasis on character more than on plot, "That Kind of Woman" has the tone of a Continental opus in spite of its beautifully photographed New York settings. On the train from Miami to New York, Sophia Loren, portraying the mistress of a millionaire, meets and is attracted to a fresh and naive young paratrooper, played with winning charm by Tab Hunter. They could even be in love by the time the train rolls into Pennsylvania Station, although Sophia is somewhat guided by her good friend (Barbara Nichols) and stringently guarded by the millionaire's cynical employee (Keenan Wynn), and Tab is carefully watched over by his wiseacre pal (Jack Warden).

The rest of the film is concerned with events in New York, Tab's efforts to win Sophia during a day's outing, her conflict in deciding between the luxury offered by wealthy George Sanders and the love offered by Tab, and Jack Warden's efforts to attract Barbara Nichols, whose unhealthy interest in economic security helps Sophia to see more clearly. With its mixture of realism and romance, comedy and serious drama, "That Kind of Woman" is done quite effectively. It is well acted, and if it is no great shakes of a picture, it has enough thought and interest in its characterizations to make this more than featherweight entertainment.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

BOOKS

A Mind Alert to the Motions of Necessity

THE DAUGHTERS OF NECESSITY. By Peter S. Feibleman. World. $4.50.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

THROUGHOUT the first hundred pages of Mr. Feibleman's second novel, I felt it was easily one of the four or five worst novels I had ever read. The dialogue was labored and pretentious; and though, at times, in the narrative passages there was a dull glow of poetry, this fire soon died. One may liken beauty to a fading coal but one cannot write the narrative that sustains the beauty without some kindling. The story never does pick up much speed and what strength it develops is the result of just those devices that annoyed me to begin with.

And yet, having finished, having held pen poised to strike and denunciations at tongue's tip, the image, not the story, lingers in the mind and invites contemplation. What is this "meaning of death" that a man was taught by his own child?

A rich, young American goes to Europe, marries a woman somewhat older than he, adopts her illegitimate daughter and returns to his home town. Sometime later the woman dies and the widower, Edmund Choate by name, sends his daughter away to Europe for the traditional convent education. He then marries the girl he had been brought up to marry and fathers a child, only to have his second wife also die.

From this time on, Edmund surprises the town gossips and exists only to keep his second daughter, Adrianne, from pain. He leaves his birthplace and goes up North to New York where he and the girl and her great aunt live for fifteen years.

"Yet the taste of a birthplace sits under a man's tongue like a recollected smell of childhood, it

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is not a thing that allows itself to pass away."

The paragraph just quoted is significant: Feibleman not only writes explicitly about fate; his very style, the warp of his mind, is devoutly alert to the motions of necessity. And so, when Edmund Choate returns to his native town, when he is compelled to live in the same vicinity as his first, and adopted daughter, Loris Licia, Feibleman creates the appearance, not of human beings with animal appetites and sentiments, but of shades, of spirits moving according to an inflexible and impersonal providence. That is why the resolution of the story, when summarized as if the actors were ordinary human beings, seems inconsequential.

Loris Licia's presence in the town is considered as some kind of threat to Adrianne and Aunt Clothilde. When Edmund Choate is hit by a truck, although the nurses and the doctors think there is a chance he will survive, both Clothilde and Adrianne *know* that he is dying. And so he does, but only after a deathbed encounter with Adrianne, his beloved daughter, his Princess. But she will not answer to Princess; she will not comfort her father who had devoted his life to keeping her from pain. Adrianne, having "killed" and escaped from her father, immediately indulges in the luxury of pain by cutting her wrists and running to her sister's house. They attend the funeral together and soon depart the town.

Mr. Feibleman entitles the last part of his novel, "The Only Danaïd," referring, it seems clear, to Adrianne who, in this play of myths, is also Atropos, the inflexible one of the fates, who cuts the thread of life. Aunt Clothilde, of course, is Clotho, the spinner, and Loris Licia, I suppose, is Lachesis, the goddess who determines the length of life. As I read Mr. Feibleman's myth, the two sisters, daughters of necessity, by killing their father, Old Necessity himself, arrive at an aimless and homeless freedom.

"There is an aimless immortality in light, as there is in truth; not many external occasions will ever truly be lost though they have had no witnesses on earth."

Whatever Mr. Feibleman's faults or eccentricities may be, he is a craftsman who is faithful to his idea.

A Certain Craft

SELECTED STORIES. By Mary Lavin. Macmillan. $3.95.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

MARY LAVIN was born in Massachusetts. But her family settled in Ireland and she was educated at Loreto College in Dublin and at the National University. Her first book of short stories, published in 1942, won the James Tait Black Memorial prize. She married, and her husband died, leaving her with a farm in County Meath near Dublin, and her three daughters.

Her preface to this selection from her four books of stories, is an addition to those prefaces, like Henry James', which really contribute something permanent to the art of fiction. She tells first how her father took her as a child to have her watch mended by an old man who had the ague. Food had dripped down his shirt; surely she should not entrust her treasure into those stained and shaking hands? But when those hands were braced about the watch, "Oh but the fixity, the sureness of those fingers when once they had entered the intricate world of their craft."

She applies this image to herself: she has applied herself so singly to the art of fiction that she has maimed, and all but lost, the power to express herself in any other form. She has done no reviewing; she has written no critical essays; she has never kept a journal nor even a notebook; she has no Ph.D. And she can claim "I have never written a single paragraph that has not had its source in the imagination."

That is a proud boast; and she is an amazingly lucky as well as a splendidly strong woman. For how has she avoided the chronophages —those good bores who, trying to "Kill time," prey on others' lives when theirs are dead? How has she persuaded her neighbors that chores are chores and not work, and that the only work for the writer is the production of the masterpiece—that everything else, all lectures, conferences, television appearances, poetry readings, everything else he or she may do, for love or a living, is a betrayal? Her answer is her farm. *That* has held her, as the form holds the clay; that has been her livelihood; her stories are only her life. "One was life: the other only its echo."

So she wrote these stories, like Jane Austen her novels, on the kitchen table of an evening, when other duties were done. And this "imposed a selectivity that I might not otherwise have been strong enough to impose upon my often feverish, overfertile imagination. So if my life has set limits to my writing I am glad of it." Life has prevented her writing more stories than she ought; or putting more into them than ought to be there. Miss Lavin is certain that the short story is her medium: she wishes she could break up the two long novels she has published into the few short stories "they ought to have been in the first place."

And what are her stories? "Short story writing — for me — is only looking closer than normal into the human heart" she tells us. How tenderly, delicately, scalpel in hand, she looks! See, this young novice who has no regrets for the world she is leaving. It is the day of her profession: she feels she has nothing to offer to God; she was too happy, far too happy. Her family comes: her sister has just had her first baby; they leave, and her sister forgets her chamois gloves. Veronica, before turning into her cell to sleep, washes them: and so has one moment of homesickness to "offer up."

There too is Posy, the little servant girl who runs off to the city and is heard of no more, until a grandly dressed gentleman comes back to her village to find out what he can about her. But no one re-

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members her at all, except one old man who used to hire her. There was talk about this old man and Posy once, he tells the young townee, but he was saved from such a mismatch by his sister Kate. Ah, says the young townee, come to think of it, he owes Kate a lot himself; his mother was a woman in a thousand.

But the best stories are about deaths and wills, and the best of all is "The Small Bequest." The heroine is Aunt Adeline, who has fifty-four nieces and two great-grandnieces, and one companion called Emma Blodgett, who, too, always called her Aunt Adeline rather than Miss Tate. Miss Tate's bitterness towards her stupid, devoted dependent is wonderfully conveyed, and the magnitude of her wickedness.

Only in the last two stories, "A Wet Day" and "A Happy Death" are there small flaws: in the former, the old parish priest is too gross. He may have been such a greedy boor in actuality, but the purpose of art is to improve upon nature, and he juts out of the story and unbalances it. "A Happy Death" goes on too long; Robert takes a more unconscionable time than even poor Charles II a-dying, and the reader's sympathy, though first with Ella, ends by being only with the nurses. Only one story attempts to be funny, "My Vocation," and it has a wry humor that puckers the heart like a pickle.

"Oh, but the fixity, the sureness of those fingers when once they had entered the intricate world of their craft." Miss Lavin has herself written the only possible comment upon her stories.

Intricate Debates

LIGHT AND DARK. By Barbara Howes. Wesleyan University Press. $3.

By NED O'GORMAN

THIS IS a magnificent book. This is poetry of the highest purity and intention. I know of only two contemporary poets, Robert Lowell and Richard Eberhart, who give me such delight and such understanding.

If it is difficult to write poetry today it is because the poet is excluded, together with his critics, from the observation of the neutral world, that world that exists in isolation and beauty, informing the moment and the stress of time. There is, of course, the "poetry" that can mean anything depending on who reads it, that has, therefore, no real meaning. Miss Howes records the world and its myths as it rives into her heart and intellect:

From the heaving sea
Then sprang a fabulous beast
For its evening gallop.
Head of a lion, goat's head rearing
Back, derisive, wild—the dragon
Body scaling the waves; each reckless
Nature in balance, flying apart
In one. How it sported
Across the water, how it ramped and ran!
My heart took heart. Awaking, I thought:
What was disclosed in this vision
Was good: phantom or real,
I have looked on a noble animal.

Miss Howes is close to Father Hopkins for she has a way of divulging the bold and intricate particular so that the elements of vision unify in the poem with illumination and power. Her poetry, like Hopkins, rocks with the superior mastery of craft and the creative power of essential vision. For instance, from "The Stag of God":

The neck of the white stag of the valley
Yearns toward the sky with such grace
That his soul can but continue this aspiration
Further in space;

Firm-molded spire of ivory
Stretched up, up, as if to touch
The tenderest spiced leaves in Eden.
No distrust
Deepens the shadows of his eyes
Or sets the muscles of his sturdy shoulders
Jangling. The cool powerful basilica
Of his body holds

Firm in the agony of spring
And in the passion of the storm,
White and firm after all the years that crept
By his white form.

The triumph of the book is a series of moral, surrealistic poems, called "The Triumphs." They are achievements of absolute feeling, the expression of a poet who sees, hears and ponders the intricate debates of the mind and heart with the world. These poems, together with several others in this volume, occupy a high place in modern poetry and I hope there will be rejoicing in this volume. Here is excellence of language, the multitudinous vision, the experience of music that in the agony of our time has vanished from poetry. But it does return because our language is beautiful, our tradition life-giving and our world, for all its decay, is the ark and of eternal and mortal splendors.

Out of a clear sky Art speaks
The truth; two dancers separate and mix;
Each of us is an atoll whose protective
Shell is hard. But, a true mariner,
Art looks far out, and Truth
In triumph rides, with Love.

Death and Old Age

MEMENTO MORI. By Muriel Spark. Lippincott. $3.95.

By JAMES FINN

SOME YEARS AGO when the *New Yorker* published a long, informed and detailed piece on the multiplying "How to . . ." books, one critical reader pointed out that the author had overlooked a form

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that had been popular in the Middle Ages—"How to Die." The oversight was hardly surprising. Such a title does not approach the ready optimism held out by the popular books of our own day. It has been left primarily to the serious religious writers to remind us of the part death plays in our life.

Apparently challenged rather than disconcerted by the reception most likely accorded to such a theme today, Muriel Spark has decked it out in modern dress. Reminding us that of the Four Last Things to be ever remembered—Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven—the first is death, she presents us with a cast of characters whose thoughts frequently, and understandably enough, turn to death. Understandably because many are well over seventy, some are in their eighties, and a couple look forward to the goal of one hundred.

The weight of the years is felt, quite naturally, as a burden, but it is one which some carry more lightly and gracefully than others. And it is a burden which few would willingly discharge for what may come hereafter.

Attitudes toward death range widely, of course, even in the same person. English literature provides us with many expressions of these attitudes. In "Measure for Measure," for example, where the life-death issue is debated, Claudio voices one extreme:

> The weariest and most loathed worldly life
> That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
> Can lay on nature is a paradise
> To what we fear of death.

And from among Whitman's several paeans there is this:

> Come lovely and soothing death,
> Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving:
> In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
> Sooner or later, delicate death.

The reactions to death expressed by the aging people in this novel may not range to such extremes. Yet they are quite varied and the characters are led, by a singular set of circumstances to compare and contrast their own reactions with those of others. For, each in his turn, starting with Dame Lettie Colston, seventy-nine, they are summoned to the phone to receive a message, "Remember you must die." Only that and nothing more. Not surprisingly, this is enough to make them remember quite frequently.

The novel has, quite obviously, its macabre aspects. Yet they do not determine the overall tone, for a constant wit plays throughout the book, a wit that is sometimes light, often incisive and always sure. This wit frequently takes as its sympathetic object the physical afflictions to which the aging are prone. But more often a less kindly wit strikes through to the foibles, deceptions and failings which are limited to no single age. If they are more in evidence with this singular group of characters it is primarily because with such a group they seem highly incongruous.

Few of these people have settled into a calm, accepting old age. They have about them all the virtues, faults and vices which they

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have developed over the years. And as their lives wear thin, their underlying characteristics are more plainly exposed to view. Frequently, of course, their vices—and their virtues—lie in the area of vain desire rather than accomplishment, for they no longer have the physical capabilities to continue past performances. But, as if in recompense, they have also lost the inhibitions and the restrictions which were imposed upon their youthful actions both by will and convention. Nor is it too late in their day to learn more about the past, to gain new information about and insights into themselves and their contemporaries.

Miss Spark maintains an imperturbably neutral and elevated attitude toward her characters. They may fume and fret about impending death; they may contemplate it with philosophical and religious equanimity. Miss Spark dispatches each with cool impartiality. Lisa Brooke, for instance:

"Lisa Brooke died in her seventy-third year, after her second stroke. She had taken nine months to die, and in fact it was only a year before her death that, feeling rather ill, she had decided to reform her life, and reminding herself how attractive she still was, offered up the new idea, her celibacy, to the Lord to whom no gift whatsoever is unacceptable."

It would be futile to compare Miss Spark with other authors. Each comparison, however meaningful, would necessarily be partial. To have a full picture one would be forced to list a roster of fine novelists, a pointless procedure. Miss Spark is *sui generis* and so is *Memento Mori.*

REVIEWERS

Thomas F. Curley, a regular contributor, is a New York novelist and critic.

Anne Fremantle is the well-known writer, lecturer and critic. Her recent novel is *By Grace of Love.*

Ned O'Gorman is the author of a recently published book of poetry, *The Night of the Hammer.*

James Finn is an associate editor of The Commonweal.

RECORDS

Jazz and Like That

A TROMBONE bash of epic proportions has been engineered and retailed under the title of "Trombones, Inc." (Warner Bros.), bringing together ten West Coast sidemen and ten New Yorkers in a contest that must be described as an easy win for the Californians. Paced by Frank Rosolino's supple solos and supported by the imaginative arrangements of Marty Paich and Warren Barker, the Western slides fill their half of the disc with six sizzlers ranging from "Lassus Trombone" to "Heat Wave." The Easterners, in spite of workmanlike solos by Cleveland, Rehak and Brookmeyer, can't quite break out of J. J. Johnson's surprisingly restrained arrangements of these numbers.

Volume II of the "Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn" (Atlantic) displays that group in sub-par performances, obviously hampered in two selections by guest Sonny Rollins' aimless tenor sax.

Peter Mancini is still the best exponent of his own Peter Gunn music, but "Shelley Manne and His Friends" (Contemporary) have an interesting brush with the material and will undoubtedly appeal to their followers. Mancini's score serves as a point of departure for sessions that have finesse and wit, though, unfortunately, they lack the cumulative power of the T.V. sound track.

After two winners in a row, Teddy Wilson comes up with a lemon of sorts in his jazz version of "Gypsy" (Columbia). Jule Styne's score and Teddy's trio are apparently incompatible, the only possible exception being the "Cow Song," in which Wilson's rocking rhythm goes well beyond the framework of the song itself.

"June Christy Recalls Those Kenton Days" (Capital) with the assistance of arranger Pete Rugolo. Recreations of "Willow, Weep For Me"; "Easy Street"; "Just A-Sittin' & A-Rockin' "; and "How High the Moon" will move the listener deeply without quite erasing the memory of the originals. The Christy voice is aging gently but she remains one of the great mood singers of our day.

"Duke Ellington, His Piano and His Orchestra (yes, that's the way he was billed) At the Bal Masque" (Columbia) provide commerical dance music with a minimum of the gaucheries usually attendant at such proceedings. A partially disguised "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" is the point of reference in this rather bland performance.

Ellington's "Jazz Party in Stereo" (Columbia) finds the Duke in one of his experimental moods. His repertoire here stretches from a come-all-ye "Hello, Little Girl" with Jimmy Rushing, through an extended "Toot Suite" to a nine-tympani "Tymperturbably Blue." Dizzy Gillespie takes an uneasy solo in U.M.M.G. and Johnny Hodges provides the only non-Ellington work in the album, "All of Me," with usual warmth and aplomb. An impromptu audience at the post-midnight recording sessions is in the background to supply applause from time to time at appropriate moments.

"An Hour with the Ramsey Lewis Trio" (Agro) is about thirty minutes too much. The Chicago-based trio rises above the cocktail-hour average only on occasion, one being their carefully worked out "Ruby and the Pearl." The record-

Also Notable

Jo Jones Plus Two, (Vanguard).

Benny Carter, Jazz Giant (Contemporary).

The Stage Door Swings, Stan Kenton (Capitol).

Songs for Swingers, Buck Clayton All Stars (Columbia).

Billie Holiday (M.G.M.).

Breakfast, Dance and Barbecue—Basie (Roulette).

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ing session was informal to the point of indifference, and it clearly shows.

A jazz sampler, "Jazz Festival—Near In and Far Out" (Warner Bros.) offers selections by Chico Hamilton, Dick Cathcart, the Trombones, Inc., Ruby Braff, Fred Katz and others. This material is not duplicated in the albums promoted by the sampler, and the performances vary from good to very good. The recorded sound is unfailingly solid.

Laurindo Almeida and Bud Shank continue their experiments with jazz and Latin rhythms in "Brazilian Holiday" (World Pacific). Most of the material here is original and Almeida and Shank consequently are quite convincing. "Little Girl Blue," a lovely flute-guitar colloquy, justifies the whole project. While the jazz and Latin beats will probably never travel the same path again, this encounter will be remembered. Gary Peacock, bass; and Chuck Flores, drums, are the other two members of the quartet.

A tasteful tribute to the late Bix Beiderbecke, "Big MCMLIX" (Warner Bros.) features the soulful trumpet of Dick Cathcart in a variety of settings. Whether swinging with a four-beat combo or fronting a string section, Cathcart never loses his marvelous tone or blurs his sensuous phrasing. Cathcart has wisely chosen not to ape the famous Beiderbecke solos; his tribute is rather to put forth his finest efforts on songs long associated with Bix.

"The Four Brothers Sound" (Atlantic) is manufactured by Jimmy Giuffre and consists of four tenor sax solos by Giuffre on four sound tracks, played back simultaneously, abetted by trombonist-turned-pianist Bob Brookmeyer and Jim Hall on guitar. The idea would seem to have possibilities but in execution it emerges as more of a mechanism than an organic work. The combined saxes yield some intriguing tonal color, but Giuffre has no sense of direction and after the title selection, interest fades quite rapidly.

DON WOOTEN.

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An open invitation to the Steel Union:

Join us in a forward step

Steel companies are spending billions of dollars to modernize mills, methods and products.

But America, the world's greatest steel user, can never enjoy the full benefits of this multi-billion dollar program until the steel companies' labor agreements are as modern as the machinery in the mills.

The steel companies extend this invitation to the Union:

Join us in taking a forward step to help reduce wasteful, out-of-date practices; help pave the way for increased production, improved productivity, and resulting savings which can be shared by employees, stockholders and the public — without contributing to inflation.

Specifically, we have asked the Union to cooperate with us in:

1. **Improving** the language and the spirit of the labor agreements to bring them up-to-date with modern operations and to reduce causes of misunderstanding and friction that have developed in the past;
2. **Protecting** thousands of innocent workers by discouraging irresponsible acts of a lawless few who engage in unauthorized or "wildcat" strikes;
3. **Retarding** further inflation by dropping the experimental cost-of-living adjustment clause in the 1956 agreements. This clause, intended to spare steelworkers from the effects of inflation, has proven to be itself inflationary and thus self-defeating. All of the 17¢ an hour added to wage rates under the clause since 1956 would be retained.

These contract changes, accompanied by a cooperative attitude on the Union's part, would, we believe, pave the way to enable the companies to generate new economic progress to be shared with their employees.

Accordingly, in return for agreement on these contract changes we have offered to negotiate a non-inflationary two-year agreement providing an increase in pension and insurance benefits this year, and a modest increase in wages next year.

Such an agreement would place the steel companies in a stronger position to compete with other materials and with imports of foreign-made steel . . . It would give employees improved benefits, higher wages and greater job security . . . It would help hold the line against inflation.

This proposal does not threaten the basic rights of Union members in any way.

The companies recognize that the Union has a responsibility—and a legal right—to represent the interests of its members. The Union, on its part, should recognize that the companies have the right and obligation to manage their plants to the maximum benefit of employees, shareholders, and the public.

In these modern times, with great progress already achieved and even greater progress visible on the horizon, cooperation — not opposition — is the mark of real leadership.

Only with a cooperative attitude on the part of the Union and its leadership can the steel industry fully meet the needs of America and help curb inflation.

We urge the Union to join us in taking this forward step.

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